

A MILLIONAIRE FOR A DAY

By JOHN JAY McDEVITT



PRICE, 50 CENTS

PS 3525
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FOR A DAY

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By JOHN JAY McDEVITT

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PS 3525
A 1927 MS
1914



ARRANGED AND PRINTED BY THE DANDO COMPANY
34 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

FEB -5 1914
H. 50
©CL.A361927
no 1

Oct. 12, 1914.
C. J. F. R.

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PREFACE

When the thought struck me to write a book, I looked over the ground, and after some serious thinking, I proceeded to do so, and while I might not go down in history as a great literary light of the present century, I will go to the grave knowing that I wrote a book, be it good, bad or indifferent.

You note that I have headed this article "Preface." This is what writers do, or at least I believe such, and because of this, I will do likewise. So, my dear reader—notice I say "dear reader"—I wish you to bear with me in the perusal of this little offering; read slowly and get all there is out of it, and should I (meaning the author) cause you to smile, or even think, I will do something more than many writers have failed to do with me.

You might find words in this book that are too much for you, as I am using the very best of English, and while I might be more commonplace, in my own

interest I am forced to be artistic, as this is purely and solely a work of art.

With these few remarks and up to the time of going to press, I bid you "adieu."

AUTHOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT

I find a peculiar satisfaction in realizing that when all is said and done there is no one that knows McDevitt as McDevitt knows himself.

Vanity is a part of every human being, and McDevitt is very much human, hence I find that in my makeup I possess a great deal of the trait that so many people wish to hide.

I am a young man thirty-eight years of age, a little less than six feet tall. I have a pretty good shaped head, containing a great deal of knowledge, useful and otherwise. My hair is a dark brown; those who speak lightly of me say it is very red. My features are classical, and very few would pass me by without taking an extra look at my appearance in general.

I am inclined to smile a little more than the ordinary fellow, feeling all the while that people rather like the fellow that looks pleasant.

I can give a good account of myself from a conversational point and I have

read sufficiently to fake my way along, even when the topic happens to be on the classics. I have an air of indifference that people are susceptible to, and when I speak before a crowd I always feel that I know more than my audience, and as a rule I am seldom mistaken. I spend my money with an air of a fellow who doesn't care; this counts—since we must spend, do it artistically.

I weigh about one hundred and seventy pounds and wear very high grade clothes. I could make a hit with the fair sex if I so desired, but I am not overly particular in this. I appreciate the fact that men are very similar and that I deviate slightly from the general run, and I also know that I can take good care of myself, regardless of what comes or goes. I am very modest and don't care to speak of my good qualities, and only do so herewith because of the fact that they invariably have been overlooked in the past.

JOHN JAY McDEVITT

[Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
January, 1914]

THE BEGINNING



WO things happened in 1876, my birth and the Philadelphia Centennial. Hence, it can be readily understood why the promoters of the latter event lost money, as the world was not in position to entertain two such important happenings. On my arrival into this world, coming as I did with a younger sister who happened to be a twin, it was discovered that I was a boy, and indications soon pointed to the fact that I would be compelled to go forth with a head of red hair, which, to a youngster at this period of our planet, was a serious misfortune, as all the kids made or endeavored to make one's life miserable. This, I afterward figured out, was due to the lack of other amusements, such as moving pictures and ragtime music. In the little mining town in which my parents lived, it was always a day of great rejoicing when

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a birth was proclaimed; and as my entrance was a dual one, it is safe to say that it was a big day at the family home.

Children at this time and place were christened the next pay day following the birth, and as I happened to be born during a period when the coal mines were idle, as the result of a strike, I was obliged to lay around the house for the first summer of my existence nameless.

My father informs me that baby carriages were unknown, and when the day arrived for my christening I was wheeled to Hazelton in a barrow, and in a manner in keeping with the times I was sent forth with the cognomen of John Jay.

I grew very rapidly in the days of my infancy, as this was all a kid had to do at that time, and as I developed into boyhood, it was whispered about that the youngster would, at some future day, be heard from; and this, in some respects, demonstrates the wisdom of prophecy.

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Most children are addicted to the weakness or failing of crying; this in my case was not true. My mother tells me that I was more than six months old before she ever heard me murmur, and this she says was due to the fact that a Dutchman was elected on the school board in our town, and I happened to overhear my father mention the same to the older members of the family one evening while at the supper table, which meal was served, as it is still served, between the hours of five and six in the evening, regardless of what they do in New York and Newport.

Most children begin their school days at the age of six. I was listed as a pupil long before my fifth birthday, and my teacher will tell you, to this day, that I was an unusually bright boy and could, at the age of seven, do simple fractions with one hand tied behind my back.

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My father, who was the best man in this part of the country, took great pride in my early life, and did not disturb my school life until I was nine years of age. I many times since heard him say that I ought to be a priest, as I never did a tap of work until I was nearly ten years old.

Gradually, but surely, growing in wisdom, I soon began to seek new fields, and at the age of ten I found myself a part of a great big world of industry working in a coal breaker for the munificent salary of eight dollars per month, all of which I earned, as I was compelled to be at my post at seven o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, and remain there until six in the evening. The town, as you will understand, was a typical mining village and its inhabitants never had the opportunity of witnessing such a thing as comic or grand opera, or seeing

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vaudeville, other than that which the natives produced themselves.

The fact is, we were more or less in the arrears on many points; for instance, I was never told at school in how many rounds it took John L. Sullivan to defeat Paddy Ryan, and I was obliged to find out from other sources than the teacher about Dick Turpin and the James boys.

We had very few luxuries in those days, and it is a matter of record that I was twelve years old before I saw a banana, and fourteen before I tasted one.

About the one great event that occurred in my town in the days I speak of was the Hibernian parade, which, as every Irishman or anyone who ever lived in an Irish community knows, takes place every year on the morning of the seventeenth of March. Father tells me that every man around the diggin's was obliged to get out and walk, and, said he:

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"If they didn't walk on that day, they couldn't walk for months after."

My town, as you have no doubt surmised ere this, was controlled and looked after by the Irish, and hence, it is needless to say, we had a village with many officials, as the Irish are ever known as office holders, fighters and good neighbors in a time of adversity. In those days, newspapers were very scarce, and all I can recall was "The Irish World," "The Police Gazette" and a few papers sent this way from relatives living in Ireland.

My father was at this time the only man in our locality capable of writing a letter, and it was always a matter of debate as to who was the smarter man in town, father or priest.

I often thought when I was a kid when I became a man, if I never did anything else, I would get my fill of raisin pie. I still remember the first

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dollar I received, I went forth and returned with ten big pies. You cannot imagine how popular I was among the kids until we had consumed the purchase. I ate so much raisin pie on this occasion that ever since I have crossed this delicacy from my menu.

Father gave me two dollars one Fourth of July, and as I never had this much cash at one time in my life before, I was in a quandary as how to dispose of it. After much deliberation, I decided to invest every cent of it in punk, which could be had at eight sticks for a cent. I entirely forgot about fire crackers, consequently, I had all punk and no fire crackers. It has been unnecessary for any of the family of relations to buy any punk from that day unto this.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE



WHEN I was a kid, I can still recall the manner in which I was forced to live, and sometimes I think that the most unfortunate calamity

that can happen to any youngster, particularly if he comes to light in a small country town, is to be crowned with a head of red hair; even though some of the most remarkable men of all ages, not speaking of myself, have been the possessors of hair of this hue. I was a hard-looking kid, and while I might, and no doubt did, give evidence of future greatness, this was only appreciated by the clerk in the company store, the teacher and the parish priest, also my home people or family.

I was not given to the inclination of refinement and always displayed an ab-

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horrence toward things conventional. I never knew what such a thing as a picnic or an outing meant, and ice cream and other luxuries were things only read about in books. The only delicacy that I ever knew, when a kid, was raisin pie, and this was only served on Sunday morning, and then only to those who happened to be up in time. As a rule, I was on the job.

I used to think that if I ever got to be a man I would have all the best things in the world, such as raisin pies, store cakes and dried herring. But we change more or less with time, and today I find that I am not so desirous for these things as I had expected.

When I became old enough to go to school, I felt that my little heart would break, as I did not want to be compelled to spend the days indoors when there was so much fun outside; and even now I feel that too much study is not the best thing

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in the world, as, after all, I am certain that a man with a good healthy body and appetite and a few children, also a good natured neighbor, to help out in time of trouble, is all that one needs to be real happy.

The big men of the world, with their wives of the Laura Jean Libby school, are not the whole show, and I notice that this sort are given to take the rapid transit more than are the poorer kind. They eat too much and try to take in too much life in one day. They are not satisfied with one show a day, but insist on a matinee, a dinner, some social calling and now and then a trip abroad. They are an envious lot, and a little wart on their face or a blemish on their body, providing it is visible (and these days they display so much of their bodies that it is hard to place it away from the gaze of the public), will annoy them more than an attack of typhoid fever will the ones

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of the lesser circles. I remember my home town people and the things that they enjoyed, and I sometimes think that as I grow in would-be wisdom I pay the price in other ways.

My father would take in a parade every St. Patrick's Day, and in order to get prepared for the occasion, it would take mother and a few of the neighbors more than two weeks making the preparations; and how grand he would look at me, with the gilt on his trousers and the sword that his old father left him as a relic of the other days! One St. Patrick's Day my father and a few of the older men of the town had to have horses for the parade, but as they could not get any around the day in question, they went to the mine boss and asked him to let them have a few mules that had just come from the West. They acted very mild and seemed to be trained for the day until the band commenced to play. The

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mules made a bee line for some place, and it was more than a week after when the leaders of the day limped back into town. It was no joke with father, and woe to anyone of us that ever referred to the incident!

You know that we have some things that do not require explanation, and I recall the old school teacher telling father about this, and he was trying to think of something that would exemplify what he meant. "Well," said my father, "I know one thing that don't need any explanation." "What is it?" said the teacher. "Well, now suppose we were having our St. Patrick's Day celebration and some Dutchman tried to stop it, does this need any explanation?"

But I began to speak and tell of the things of life, and what we do and do not get. As I said, I was a red-haired youngster, and after I got going to school I had one hard time of it trying to keep afoot,

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and it would be better for many a man if God had endowed me with any other sort of hair, as I know that many a kid received beatings that put him to an early grave due to the fact that he wanted to have some fun with me.

I would rather fight than study, and I can say truthfully that I did more of the former. The teacher that took me in hand was an old maid, and she didn't like me because my father beat her dad for the office of township supervisor; but this was no fault of mine, however. The sins of the parents are often visited on the children and I was obliged to suffer for my father's greatness.

He was a remarkable man, was father, and many's the time I have heard him speak of the men that he put away with only one and, now and then, two punches—generally one, unless they happened to be more than two hundred pounds. He wanted to make a bishop

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out of me, and no doubt I would be such today if the mines had worked a little more than they did; and perhaps it is to be regretted, for I feel I would have made a great preacher.

The other members of our family all appeared to be of the ordinary sort and only now and then gave any evidence of being kin to me. I put up a great fight at school in those days, and I know that my early traits had much to do with my after life, for fighting never hurt any kid. An old neighbor, who was a German, said to father one day: "Mr. McDevitt, how is it that the Irish fight so much amongst themselves?" "Well," said my father, "an Irishman, when he fights, likes to have a good scrap."

One's early life is always more or less a quandary, and as you become older, it is hard to recall the many little incidents that occurred. I often sit with my old mother and have her relate how I

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spent my younger days and what I used to do. "Oh," she would say, "Johnny, you were a bad boy, and I often used to think that something awful would happen to you; but, thanks be, you are all right." And let me say right here that the most beautiful character that God ever gave this world is the good old Irish mother. All mothers love their children, but show me the Irish mother that would not sacrifice all the world owned to help even the boy that the world called useless and dangerous.

The Irish mother loves to watch her children, and when they do wrong she will sit with them and offer them her good and wholesome old-fashioned advice. It is not the kind you read about in the modern columns of the day, but the heart kind that has its effect, and God only knows if it were not for this type of women the Irish race would have more bad and useless men.

I left school at an age that was very young, and, in order to help out, I en-

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gaged as a slate picker in the coal breaker, and I never since pass these institutions but I grit my teeth, recalling, as I do, the hardships I put in while a kid. Perhaps it is just as well that we are from circumstances forced to do these things, but it is hard to imagine that such hardships as the breaker are necessary. Just think of a boy of nine years going to work before sunrise and not leaving for his home until long after the sun has sunk! But greed is always with us, and if there is a hereafter, I would rather not have you ask me to what port the coal operators will hit.

I was obliged to work around the coal works for a number of years, but I soon drifted forth and, for the next few years of my life, was doing stunts that are known as hobo life or on the bum.

Having little knowledge of the world, I was seriously handicapped, but I had the grit to go forth; and I am glad I did so,

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for I often look back over those days and realize that this sort of life did more for me than anything else in my career. I traveled about twenty states and rang every door bell in sight, either in an attempt to sell some junk or else seeking something to eat. I hit Toledo, Ohio, one day while on this mission, and I remember I was forced to go to a rescue mission for shelter. A very pleasant-looking lady came to the door, and when I informed her that I wished to be taken care of, she asked me if I was satisfied to follow our Lord. At this period it was immaterial to me who I followed, and I told her so, hence, I was taken into the fold and made comfortable for the time being. We had to chop wood. When I say "we," I mean the other three hundred bums that were registered there. I think that every part of the world had a representative on the list, and all I heard was one boe asking the others

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about such and such a town and places where feed was easy to get. We were compelled to take a bath, and while some of us objected, I am forced to admit that we all needed the same. After this we went to our beds, and I was very much amused at the manner in which we were put away.

If you ever got into a shoe store after a busy day and watched how the clerks put up the shoes, it would give you some idea of the way we went to our bunks. Every fellow had some little complaint to make about the size of his bed, as room was very scarce and we had to make the most of a bad job. For our breakfast, it was not so much what you liked, but what they gave. We were emphatically told not to touch anything on the table until grace had been said, and, as I was a new comer, I took my time to my sorrow, for I was forced to go until the next meal without a morsel.

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But, believe me, I was wiser the next turn, and long before the minister had finished grace I had mine.

I met a fellow by the name of DeMar, after I had left the institution, and we bummed it for a distance of five hundred miles, and for three days we didn't have a bit to eat. DeMar told me he used to be a glass eater at one time in a side show, and one afternoon I brought him in a few bottles for a lunch. We were making a freight car our headquarters. I never knew what became of my friend and often think of him.

I reached Philadelphia in a few days and I got a few dollars together and paid for a furnished room one dollar per week. It was not as artistic as the one I had at the Waldorf, but it came in handy just then. I was soon broke and penniless, and the sad part of it was that I was rooming over a restaurant and during the night—I, good and sleepy, hungry and tired—I

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could hear the waiters shout out: "Pork and beans! Eggs—make it two! Coffee one! Steak, small! Ham and eggs—eggs sunny side up!" and nothing coming my way.

I was tickled to death when I struck home, and the only part of returning was that I would have to explain to father what I did with his new trousers, as I took these with me when I went forth; but he left me off easy. I suppose he was glad to see me home again; I know I was pleased to be there.

HUMOR



WAS invited, sometime ago, to address a body of men, they having selected for my subject, "Humor and Its Effect on Men." I am naturally a bright fellow, hence never hesitate to tackle any subject that may be given me, and those who have heard me speak will, I am sure, not consider me egotistical when I say that the world has few men that can compare with me when it comes to making an address. I made a particularly fine speech on this occasion, dwelling at length on the meaning of humor and how it is so often mistaken and used synonymously with wit, while they, wit and humor, are really at antipodes. My effort was received with a spontaneous round of enthusiastic applause for my knowledge of the subject, my delivery, for every-

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thing in fact that goes to make a speech a grand success. But, however learnedly I handled my subject, I had a sneaking feeling that my audience did not fully comprehend me, although it was composed mostly of clergymen, lawyers and doctors—men a little above the ordinary in intelligence one would naturally think.

After much cogitation on the subject, I came to the conclusion that my erudition is so marked, and especially so when I get a subject that interests me, whereby I can give full swing to my natural endowments, that I simply speak on and on, not knowing myself where or how I came by such deep and profound knowledge.

It may be interesting to those not having had the pleasure of hearing me to know how I would begin a subject of this kind. Well, for the benefit of that vast multitude, I will say that I opened my address by saying: "Gentlemen, I

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might proceed by saying that I am not a speaker, or I might say that I am surprised that you should select me for this auspicious occasion; but I am not going to say anything of these things, for I know that I am an excellent speaker and one who can and will measure up to the best in the land, and on any occasion, be it what it will."

Humor to me is not the thing that most men accept as the funny things of life; for, after all, the most delicate vein of this characteristic is only appreciated by the very few, and no one can appreciate good and wholesome humor who has not suffered more or less the adversities of life, for only in this way can one hope to have a criterion for comparison.

I happened to be in company, some years ago, with the late Mark Twain and we discussed some phases of life. I will always remember the pleasant evening I spent, and often recall some of the droll

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things he said on that occasion. As a fitting sample of his dry humor, he said: "Should your hat blow off your head, never trouble yourself to go after it. There is always some one in the crowd who will do this for you." It was Mark Twain who said that he made his best speeches on his way home in a cab; and also that repartee is the thing we speak or think about the next day.

A minister said to me one day: "Mr. McDevitt, you know I sometimes think that the Irish do not possess the peculiar vein of humor that we ascribe to them." I called an old fellow over who was working near by, an Irishman, and I said: "Dan, the preacher wants to ask you a question and I would be obliged if you would answer him quickly and truthfully." "Dan," said the preacher, "I was just thinking if you and I were to die tonight, who do you think the devil would come after first?" "Well," said Dan, "I think he would come after me

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first, as he would be damn good and sure of you."

An old fellow, by the name of Hearn, stopped me one day and said: "John, I am dying for a drink; will you bring me in Casey's and buy me a whisky?" I said: "All right, old man, come on in." We stood at the bar and I called the bartender over and said: "Let me have two whiskies." I had no sooner said this, when Hearn piped out: "Let me have two, too."

The most wholesome humor is not always the kind that produces laughter.

An orator is a man who can make a good speech in the presence of his wife.

Repartee is the bright and witty thing we think about the next day.

A pig is always a pig.

It requires a brave man to speak in natural tones while riding in a street car.

P. T. Barnum said the American people liked to be humbugged. P. T.

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was wrong; we do not wish to be humbugged, but if we happen to be, please don't inform us of the fact.

All one has to do in this age, when the world is seeking novelty and spice, is to do something different from what the people have been accustomed to and you will attract attention. You know the world is becoming smaller every day—the fast steamers, rapid railway trains and the new and modern system of “get there” are bringing the once distant places within a few days of our very doors. Hence, when one thinks the thing over, it is very reasonable to understand how any adventure with a unique atmosphere and more or less human interest would cause the country to sit up and listen.

A young man by the name of McDevitt, referring to myself, drifted along through this old world in a sort of happy go lucky, aimless way, nothing in particular to look forward to and, being

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of a free and easy nature, cared little for what came or did not come. As far back as my memory goes, I can recall that the people on this planet appeared to estimate everyone and everything by their ability to amass money. And even as a child, I was astonished at the methods some pursued in order to obtain the all powerful dollar. Honesty cannot keep pace with our modern progress, and so it is in the mad desire to procure the dollar men prove themselves to be far below the standard which God surely intended.

Being of an imaginative turn of mind, I figured when I had not yet discarded the little breeches supported by one suspender, and that one often held in place by a nail or a bit of stick, that success in life was not so many dollars and cents, but that if one only had the courage he could find more real happiness in doing as he pleased than to adhere to the customs made proper by repetition.

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I always notice that people are ashamed to do certain things that are small in themselves, but taken from the point of etiquette, then become quite gigantic. For instance, you seldom or never see a person eating a sandwich on the street, although I am quite sure many a fellow would like to; and when did anyone ever hear two people speak in natural tones while on a street car? We don't eat on the street, due to custom, and we are inclined to live our lives according to a set of rules. Now, I made up my mind many moons ago that the world was eager for novelty, and because of this, I set forth to do things from my own point of view, and I have discovered that I am more contented than the multitude.

You know people are afraid of each other, and this is one reason why we miss many a pleasant hour that we might enjoy if we only possessed sufficient cour-

age. For instance, the starting of a conversation while traveling or while spending an hour in some strange restaurant; this does not require the kind of courage Don Quixote possessed when he sallied forth in all his splendor to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, but it requires courage nevertheless. And this is just where I shine; I invariably take advantage of such conditions and usually am quite pleased with myself for the effort.

I am reminded here of the tactics used by most men, viz., they tell a woman all the nice little things they can think about when they first meet; their fund of the "nice little things" soon runs out; they become tiresome old fogies to the fair damsel, so the poor misguided lobster is "passed up" in order that she might indulge in a little more flattery from the next fellow that comes her way. Now, my plan of procedure is to tell her a few

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disagreeable things at first, then tell her something that will arouse her curiosity, for the gods have never yet given us a woman who will leave a man when her curiosity has been aroused and not fully satisfied.

I traveled through this country almost from end to end, and this gives a chap, providing he starts out with a goodly amount of gray matter and the cells are lively and in good working order a very valuable training. Reading and general conversation afterward become more interesting, as one seldom becomes interested in anything he is not familiar with, and travel to my mind is the best school.

I had more or less hard luck as I wandered through the land and I can still find myself biting my teeth when certain pictures pass through my mind. When a boy, I dreamed beautiful dreams of the South and I longed for the time

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when I could satisfy my yearning to visit that land of peaceful good fellowship. That time came, and truth to tell, I was sadly disappointed with the much lauded home of chivalry and hospitality. I know it makes good reading and it sounds nice and I can readily understand how it appeals to the sentimental; but take it from me, those admirable attributes are merely chimerical. The people of the South are no different from other folks. On the contrary, I found in a great many instances that they are inclined to overestimate their worth and rest on their imaginary laurels. I met a number of those so-called colonels—men who felt that because of the fact of their being slave holders at one time, they were entitled to more honor and prestige than one who did not.

There is one thing about the South that I would like to emphasize, and that is that they have the worst kind of jails

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imaginable, and I don't blame anyone for not wanting to spend more time than they can help in these institutions. I met many, very many, "traveling men" who bear me out in this statement.

After my wanderings throughout the country, doing everything I could think of to make "both ends meet," selling patent medicine one day, giving lectures the next, disposing of cheap jewelry, canvassing pictures, in fact, going so far as to preach the gospel and all because I had to exist. I finally turned my steps homeward. I had five years of this sort of life and was more than pleased one evening when I poked my head out of my then "special" car and beheld dear old Wilkes-Barre in the Wyoming Valley below.

On my arrival home, I immediately opened up shop as a local politician, and be it said to my credit that, in a very short time, I had made a wonderful

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advancement in handling ballot boxes and counting out Dutch and Welsh office seekers. In fact, I was looked upon as one of the best counters in this part of the state; so much so that my work attracted the attention of the courts, the sheriffs and other law makers and defenders of the law. For my own safety, I was finally forced to drop the business, but not before some of the men higher up in "dear old Wilkes-Barre" had profited and are profiting by my ability as an expert and fearless counter.

You see one of the greatest troubles I had to contend with was the fact that in my ward we had so many voters who could not vote intelligently, and therefore after each election was over, I was compelled, as a matter of conscience, to take the ballot box to my home and look the votes over in order to make sure that there were no mistakes. Invariably, I was forced to erase many X's because of

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their misplacement. In those days we generally voted the straight ticket; that is, the Irish voted "straight," but the Germans and Welsh usually resorted to the bad form of cutting the ticket, which invariably had a more or less disagreeable effect on the Irish vote.

You know a German is a peculiar fellow. He will dine with you, sell and drink beer with you, do almost any kind of work for you, but if you are Irish he will NOT vote for you. To me a Dutchman is always more or less of an enigma, and I think that this is the light in which every man who has a drop of Irish blood in his veins looks upon him. They are hearty laughers, good eaters and have seemingly all the attributes that go to make up a "good fellow," but they have no sand when disappointed, and it takes little for them to "do the German." While this might be, and from a selfish point of view very often is, a benefit to

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the community in which he lived, according to Sunday school teaching, he will not be entitled to a grand stand seat in the final distribution of places.

I am told they are good soldiers, and while this, no doubt, is true, it does not signify that it is due to their courage. Get a crowd of Dutch women worked up and they will make more noise than the same number of men.

I have been informed that Teddy Roosevelt is Dutch. Well, if so, take it from me that there is some Irish in him somewhere. You know he decided to quit the game sometime ago. This was the German part of him. An Irishman never knows when he is licked, and if you have been reading the newspapers, you have noticed that he is back in the game again. My father says that the best anyone ever got from an Irishman was a draw.

RUNNING FOR MAYOR



AFTER establishing myself as a politician in my home town, I felt, as men generally do, that the time was opportune for me to come before the voters and have them pay me a tribute in handing me one of the best offices in the gift of the public, and in looking over the situation, I agreed with myself and two or three friends that I would launch forth as a mayoralty candidate. As the Republican ticket on this election contained the names of six others and none Irish, I concluded that I had a chance to sneak in. I guessed badly, for, believe me, I got one of the most artistic wallopings any candidate ever received at the hands of any party or people. In one ward, where I sent one hundred cigars,

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they gave me two votes, I still feel that they owe me ninety-eight cigars, or else the equivalent in votes, as, after all, votes are not worth much more than a good cigar when you look about and see who is being elected.

The papers, during my campaign, spoke very modestly about my being a candidate and I was usually known as "Others," and "Etc." I endeavored to have our leading papers say something about me, but I was informed by the business manager that their rates were a dollar per inch. I gave the fellow in question a dollar and asked him to give me two inches for one-half day, instructing him to withdraw my ad. at noon.

One of the papers asked the voters to stand by the best man and cast their votes accordingly, but withal I was defeated. Lew Kniffen, the fellow who won out, was an undertaker, and while he was and is a good sort, he was not in

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my class. Lew was one of those men that never gave life a serious thought, and, intellectually speaking, was brilliantly illiterate; but fate or destiny has a hand in all things, and while I went down to apparent defeat, I came out of this fight aware of the fact that nine out of every ten men on this map are liars when it comes to the question of politics.

I wouldn't believe any man living in the future, and the fact is since I got into the game as far as I have, I can't rely on myself as to what I will or will not do on the day when all steps lead to the booth.

At the close of the campaign, I decided to hold a meeting in the county court house, and while I was obliged to depend on attracting the crowd with a few placards that I had posted about town, I was optimistic enough to appreciate the fact that the hall would be filled on the night in question; which happened as I thought. I was forced to

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introduce myself on this occasion, as the chairman felt that his job was not the most inviting, as he felt in his heart I was not the man that would land the job. He was right. Although not overly courteous, I arose after the crowd had been accommodated, and in very brief words introduced myself as the next Mayor and the present speaker. I was just half right. I was the next speaker. I was told after the affair that more than seven hundred could not gain admittance, and I also noticed that when the vote was made known, I received this number. So that those who did not hear the speech voted for me, while the two thousand who listened to me decided to vote another way. The day of election I asked my father to vote for me. "What ticket are you running on?" "Why, on the Republican," I said. "Well, if that's the case, you don't get my vote. I would rather go to a Protestant church

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than vote that ticket." You know, in our locality you are not asked if you are a Democrat or a Republican; it's "Are you a Democrat or a Protestant?"

History records the fact that I was defeated, and this will suffice. I was willing to offer myself as their candidate, and since they rejected the offer, then it's their funeral, not mine. Some day they will realize the mistake when it is too late.

CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY TREASURER



AFTER a lapse of time in which I devoted myself to many things, I again got stung by the political bee, and as a county election was listed, I decided to announce myself as a candidate for one of the many offices, and as it was immaterial what ticket I filed on, I arranged accordingly to tackle the County Commissionership—four thousand dollars. But on my way to the courts to have my petition filed, I discovered that I, in some way, had lost the paper. This necessitated another, and as I only had one paper left, and this a Democratic one, I was forced to file as a candidate on this ticket; and as a consequence, I became a Democratic candidate for the office of County Treasurer.

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I noticed that two Germans had already filed for this office, and I recall my father saying that any Irishman could beat two Dutchmen; and I know now that he was right, for when the dust had lifted and all was over, I was nominated for the great big office—ten or twelve thousand dollars, and believe me, I became a rather important factor in the old town for the next week or so, as it was one of the modern wonders to have the name of John Jay McDevitt proclaimed in big print as a real nominee.

But those in power realized that a man of McDevitt's type would be a sure factor in killing every other fellow's chance, and they came to me with tears in their eyes asking me to resign and allow some good German to fill the vacancy. You note that I was nominated because of the fact that I was Irish and now it's about to react. I will in all truthfulness say that I was more inclined

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to remain on the ticket than to step aside, but they made many offers; a few they kept and others were cast to the wind. But this at least happened: I was handed twenty-five hundred dollars and I took the cash.

Shortly after my election, or nomination, the entire bunch of candidates tendered themselves a banquet; but I was out of town, and consequently they did not make any effort to get me. I returned in a few days and was somewhat sore over the treatment; but I immediately got busy and arranged to give myself a banquet, which I did, and I had an excellent time. It cost me a few dollars, but it was worth it all. One of the York State papers summed it up as follows:

HUMORIST AND PHILOSOPHER



HE campaign has produced many results—and one revelation.

“The revelation is John Jay McDevitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

“It was worth all this bother to find that we possess Mr. McDevitt.

“It isn’t every campaign that discloses a gentleman, good fellow, humorist and philosopher all rolled into one.

“Mr. McDevitt was nominated for something or other, they say as a joke.

“Others not taking him seriously, he didn’t take himself so and resigned from the ticket.

“That didn’t prevent him being in request for stump speeches, and he made some dandy ones.

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"After election, as nobody tendered him a banquet, he decided to tender one to himself. He ordered the spread, as host introduced himself to himself, and as guest of honor responded; the whole being appropriately finished by three hearty cheers from McDevitt for McDevitt.

"John Jay McDevitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., deserves a lot of credit for introducing a wholesome infusion of the milk of human kindness and the sparkling champagne of jocoseness into a rather grim, bitter and strenuous struggle.

"We'd rather see a campaign like McDevitt's than one all gall, vinegar and boneset tea.

"We'd rather see a man like McDevitt not take himself seriously enough, but to pull off his coat and help the party, than have a man take himself so seriously that he won't help the party at all.

"The spectacle of McDevitt acting as his own entertainment committee and

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after-dinner speaker is a great deal finer than would be the spectacle of McDevitt sulking because a delegation of obsequious gentlemen didn't appear and offer him a monogrammed watch or a gold-headed cane.

"If Wilkes-Barre didn't join in the cheers from McDevitt, Wilkes-Barre ought to. Anyhow, we will lend him a hand and a throat.

"Hurrah for McDevitt, Democrat, Philosopher, Humorist and all-around Good Fellow!"

EX-CANDIDATE McDEVITT ADDRESSES THE LADIES OF PARKER CLUB



J. MCDEVITT, retired Candidate for County Treasurer, lectured last night, on "The Funny Side of Politics," before the Parker Literary Society at the Universalist Church, South Main Street. "The Funny Side of McDevitt" would be a more comprehensive title for the lecture, as politics was by no means his only subject.

He enlightened his auditors on the question of "Why Green Lights Are on the City Lockup"; he told them "Why Women Should not Have Suffrage"; he explained "Why no Men Should be on School Boards"; he described "The Lack of Intelligence Among the Voters in

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Certain Wards of the City"—the wards where his own votes were light; he declared that "Women are Nearly Always Honest," and gave a reason for it; besides tracing, in entertaining fashion, his own political career and delving swiftly and cleverly into a multitude of topics as fancy dictated.

He ventured to take the stand that it is not corrupt to give a man two dollars for his vote. "He may need the two dollars for a pair of shoes or something to eat, and it is better for him to get the two dollars than to have any opposing candidate buy his vote for one dollar and sixty cents."

He spoke at length on the Irish, being led to do this by the recollection of the fact that he had been told to get off the Democratic ticket because there were seven Irishmen on it. McDevitt declared that there cannot be too many Irish any place, but complained that this

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view does not find the general acceptance it ought to find. Then he switched to the Lockup's green lights.

"You see the green lights on the outside of the Lockup? Why are they there? I'll tell you why. It is so a Dutchman will not have so much trouble in getting an Irishman there."

McDevitt sorrowfully deplored the lack of intelligence among many of the voters. "Why, for instance, I got only two votes in the Tenth Ward. Tell me, is there any intelligence in that ward? And up in an East End ward I gave away ninety-eight cigars (I know because I counted them), and only four votes were cast for me. Were there more than four intelligent voters there?"

He said that although he believes Miss Trescott will be sorry to be a member of the School Board if she is elected, nevertheless he believes that all the members of the School Board should be

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women. "It is no place for men on the School Board; they know nothing about children. I have a brother with twelve children, and he can remember the names of only four of them. When he named them, he ran out of saints after the fourth and then had to get names from palace cars and such things as that. Now he can't remember the names of eight of his own children."

TALK TOO MUCH TO TAKE GRAFT



WHEN there is another advantage to women in public office. Women, as a rule, are honest. They have to be. They talk so much that if they were to take any graft they would soon get themselves in wrong.

"But I don't believe in woman's suffrage, and I believe most women do not, because I asked one of them. 'Do you believe in woman's suffrage?' and she replied, 'No, we suffer enough already.'"

McDevitt warned his women auditors that voting is strictly a masculine job. "Why, if you women could vote, you would all vote for the best-looking man on the ticket and that would make your husbands jealous and there would be war in the family."

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McDevitt punctuated his philosophical advice and comment with many anecdotes and jokes. Most of his stories left his audience shouting with laughter. Here are two of them: An Irish farmer, while hoeing potatoes in a field one day, was hailed by a priest who was passing by. "Hello, Pat! what kind of potatoes are you raising?" "And sure, father, they're raw potatoes." "Smart you think you are, Patrick, and I wonder if you know your Catholic catechism as well as such smart sayings?" And the farmer vowed that he did. "Well, I'll ask you a question," said the priest. "What is baptism?" And the farmer, still hoeing the potatoes, replied: "Five dollars, father; but before you came here it was only three dollars."

McDevitt said he once owed Barney O'Rourke, his landlord, sixty dollars for rent. Barney came to him one day and said if McDevitt would pay thirty dollars, he would throw off the other half. "Well,"

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said McDevitt, "since you have been so kind as to throw off one-half, I don't want you to exceed me in good nature, so I will throw off the other half."

McDevitt was at times a conundrum to his audience last night and there were moments of suspense when the audience did not know whether to be shocked by McDevitt's radicalism or amused. In most instances, however, his eccentricity was so rich with humor that it captured the crowd and most everybody laughed, even if sometimes it would have been much more conventional to be shocked.

Not infrequently McDevitt left his audience gasping, especially by an utter failure to guard his utterances on religious differences. He said that people of today think they are not bigoted, but that most of them are very much biased.

PENNILESS CANDIDATE

He told how he entered the race for the county treasurership penniless, and

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how easy it was for him to get a place on the ticket, and how hard it was for him to get off. He said that to his knowledge he did not spend a cent to get the nomination, although he received several contributions to his campaign fund. He remembered receiving one dollar for making a speech at a mass meeting in East End and four dollars from Todd Walsh. And then he had to get off the ticket because there were too many Irish on it. "But when Lincoln issued his proclamation there were not too many Irish. They were glad enough to get them as soldiers, and they went, too."

And so McDevitt rambled on for an hour or more with his audience—sometimes laughing, sometimes giggling, not knowing whether it was time to laugh or look angrily amazed, and sometimes wondering very hard what kind of a man was there before them, anyhow.

But McDevitt didn't care what his audience thought or how they acted. He

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just went on and talked. He must be pretty flush these days, for going upon the car to the square he paid the reporter's car fare. Maybe the reader thinks that's the reason he gets such a long account of his lecture in the paper this morning. Unworthy thought! There's a stronger reason, and it is just because McDevitt is McDevitt. There is nobody like him.

ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS



ON'T eat onions Wednesday or Sunday evenings.

Don't mind it if your family tree is a little shady; some men prefer to sit in the shade.

Don't imagine that it is your cleverness that inveigles the fellow away from the other girl; sometimes the man in question has something to do with it.

Keep yourself looking good, even though your poor mother is obliged to do the work. You must get a husband, you know.

If your foot is number four, it will take a number four shoe to fit it.

Don't speak of your sister's "cute" children. Men, as a rule, look upon all children as [whisper] brats.

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What the world terms "a good wife" is not the most interesting kind of woman.

When old women begin to tell you about a sensible girl, you don't have to see her to know that she is very plain looking.

If you are aware of the fact that you are not good looking, don't associate with those who are. It makes a contrast that does not help you any.

Always remember that you can jolly any man by telling him how much different he is from others. We all fall for this.

It don't hurt you if the world thinks you go to church for the spiritual good it will do you. You know yourself it is not so.

If you have been indiscreet, don't tell your husband about it. He may never find it out.

When out for a lunch with some fellow, tell him to do the ordering, and you will get more.

No girl ever looked good in her bare feet.

THINGS MEN DON'T LIKE



O be kissed by a woman he doesn't like.

To have the woman he cares for tell him how clever another fellow is, particularly if he hap-

pens to be in the same line of business.

To hear a woman use slang or try to be funny.

To be asked in the presence of the mother and father to tell who he thinks the baby looks like.

To have a girl tell her sister things a bit soft in his hearing.

To see the picture of his wife's mother or father hanging in the parlor.

To hook his wife's dress three months after their marriage.

To have a woman get the best of him in an argument.

MY VENTURE



WILL always recall the day or two prior to my sudden flight into notoriety and, incidentally, the great White Way. Wilkes-Barre had in other days many men of the metropolitan press here at times when the coal mines lay idle as a matter of a coal strike. But never before in the history of the town had we so many of the special brand in our midst. I found these writers a jolly lot, good fellows all—some tall, others short and stalky, but in one respect all similar—drunk.

I appreciated the reasons of their coming—I was hailed as a new star on the horizon of novelty. I had conceived a new and original idea. I was to be a millionaire for a day and this is what caused the big papers to send forth their

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best men to see and speak to McDevitt. I had chartered my train and trained my valet and, after engaging my private physician, as I recalled reading sometime when younger that great men die young, I was not going to take any chances. The hotel was crowded from top to bottom, and the curious began to come this way long before the morning sun had appeared in the east. I suppose that's the appearing point; at least such was the case when I was inclined to come forth from my bed in the morning. But, thanks to the development of personal intellect, I have long since gotten away from early rising. I was not cold to the fact that I was the center of a curious crowd, and I was forced to smile many and many a time when the thought would occur to me, and, to be candid, I would sometimes take a look at myself in the glass and endeavor to fathom the cause.

I was going to take a train to New York and have one big day of it, and for

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this I had decided to spend, say fifteen hundreds of dollars—money that came easy, and why not? It never really occurred to me, in the offstart, that my little venture would cause this general uprising in the field of newspaperdom. But how strange a lot we are after all! Here we find a character practically unknown, who, because of his desires to live like a money man for one day, the world sits up and says to the news gatherers, “Go forth and find out for me what sort of man he is;” and forth they went, but did they return with a proper outline of the man? They think “yes.” but I know different. I know better than anyone else what sort I am, and, after reading the hundred and one accounts appearing in the different papers in this and other countries, I sat back and laughed—laughed as I never did before. Acres of space were taken up in telling what I was, how I made the money, and only in

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very few instances did I discover anything near the truth. I felt that when these chaps from the large cities, meaning New York and Philadelphia, came this way, they would look out to find this fellow McDevitt, and I also know that they had anticipated discovering a loud, vulgar and illiterate being, one practically void of refinement or good taste. But to their surprise, they found a man who happened to know his game, and at that they must hand it to me for knowing their weaknesses, for, like the small boys, tell a big news man that you have nothing to give him and all h—I can't keep him away, and in my case I had it doped out that if I am to get the best of this deal I must appear less eager and anxious than ever. Hence they realized that I was not in the business for the sake of commercializing my notoriety, and the result was page after page of good old metropolitan paper.

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I arose a little after noon on the day of my departure, and I was greeted with a loud cheer when I entered my dining room. I had slept very peacefully the night past and was feeling lovely. My mail, consisting of more than one hundred letters and telegrams, was handed to me by my private secretary, and after a hurried glance during my repast, meaning light lunch, I noticed that I had received many offers from the theatrical world. But I was fixed on this. I would not take up the stage; mine was a different aim. I had my valet procure a lot of small coins, such as dollars and five dollars, in gold, enough to fill two pockets, and after taking a drink of some imported water, I stepped into my cab or automobile and proceeded to my train, which was now at the station. Teddy had a big crowd, so did Bryan, but I had more than either, and in looking over the vast throng of the curious

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that had gathered, the thought again occurred to me, "What does it all mean? What am I doing that should attract these people? I am not going forth to save the land, nor have I accomplished any wonderful feat. I have engaged a special train and I am going to spend some money." Hence I concluded that the reason for this outpouring of humanity was due to the value placed on a dollar. They wanted to see a man who thought so little of a dollar; and when you have it all analyzed, you will admit that the bottom and top of everything has a dollar value. If a man succeeds, how much did he get? If you give the world a patent, how much will you get? If you paint a picture, what is it worth?

McDevitt is hiring a special train to take him to New York. How much did it cost and what will he spend? Everyone in that crowd felt that I was a fool and everyone in that crowd had a reason

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to think so. But was I? Ah, that's the question! I knew what I was about, and yet, believe me, I was told so often that I was a fool that I began to think, "When so many tell me this, there must be something in it."

I did want to have a big time and feel the sensation of a day—a day that would see my desires fulfilled, and now my friends and enemies alike told me I was an idiot. But me for the White Way, regardless, and when the old train pulled out after I had made a few speeches, I settled down and felt at ease. But how long would this continue? I would soon be in the great big city and then, God only knows, I would have a job on my hands—reporters, camera fiends and the multitude of curious, and I know something of New York and the novelty-seeking populace.

A funny thing struck me, as the train pulled out, when the conductor

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came to me and wanted to know where I would care to have the train make stops—I, who had been accustomed to having the train stopped to have me put off, and this happened more than once in my life—to think that there really came a time when I, John Jay, could give orders to run or stop at my command. In order to make sure that I was not dreaming, I ordered the conductor to make a halt, and to my surprise he did, and there we stood on the top of old Wyoming, in my train, and that train would not start until I gave the signal. This was the first great big laugh that I had and this was worth it all. My newspaper friends sat about me as I unraveled incidents of my life, and they appeared to be having a real big time. Every man had a bottle of some sort in his hand and a black cigar stuck in his mouth. I noticed they drank very freely, as it was all paid for, and they had no worry over the

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possibilities of a check along the line. I was called out to the front to make a few speeches as people had flocked along the way to see my special pass their way. I spoke to all those who gathered, and they appeared to enjoy my stunt as much as myself. I was rather tired and weary after four or five hours' ride, and was not the least bit displeased when we struck our destination. The doctor asked me, on the quiet, if I had a night shirt with me; but realizing it would be daylight before we would get to bed, I told him that such a thing as a night shirt was unnecessary, as I did not contemplate going to bed until daylight. It recalled to mind, when a brother of mine was married, I agreed to send him a bed room suit; but times were a little hard, hence I sent him a night shirt.

It was a very cold day, the twelfth of January, 1912, the day that this fellow McDevitt went forth on his "millionaire

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for a day" jaunt. But I was so busy, from the time I left until I returned, that I had really forgotten about the weather. These reporters are an aggressive lot, and yet extremely modest in comparison with the camera fiends. We arrived at Jersey City some time along six o'clock, and to my surprise I found every news photographer from Philadelphia to Harlem awaiting my arrival. I was requested to stand and let them have an hour at the taking of pictures, and after I had fixed my face about twenty or thirty times, in order that the picture would look as pleasant and agreeable as possible, I was hauled back into the car to have more taken. The fact is, I was fast beginning to appreciate my position in life. I was indeed a novelty, and privacy for the next twenty-four hours was out of the question, and I might as well make up my mind to make the best of it. I would laugh now and then to myself and sometimes pub-

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licly, significant of the fact that I was amused. My secretary, Mr. Lenahan, took my hand, as I alighted from the train after doing stunts for art's sake, and ere I knew I was on my way to the famous Waldorf Hotel, to mingle with the real big lights of the city, and while I was a little curious, I was withal anxious to see what was coming next.

I got to the doors of the hotel, and here again I was hailed by picture men, and again I smiled for the good of the news world. On entering the hotel, I was met by a large delegation of prominent people, including men and women, all dressed to the queen's taste, but rather stiff looking at their best. The women had on these long gloves that are sold by the yard and the rest of their bodies covered very slightly with silk and lace, perhaps not immodest, but yet questionable at that. All the women smiled the sort of smiles we hear about in books or

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plays, in which the smart set, or society people, are depicted. Nothing actually natural about it, and yet difficult to describe. These people would not offend one for the world, that is, I think not to one's face, but might gossip a little on the side. They, the women, all struck me as having too much powder on their faces, and I also concluded that they wore a little too much jewelry; but they say that this is all right, and no doubt is. The men walked about smoking and chatting, saluting the fair sex as they passed and all endeavoring to appear gentlemanly, even at the cost of physical uneasiness. I shook hands with a large number and all the while I was thinking that these poor silly aristocrats are making themselves believe that they are going through a novel stunt, shaking the hand of a new and curious factor. Perhaps they entertained the idea that I was flattering myself in having the privilege

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of meeting them. But I knew that it was not an honor for me, as I had no particular desire to mix with them and felt more at home when in my two dollar per week room in good old Wilkes-Barre. My room in the hotel was all right, but expensive. I noticed the paper was like the kind in John Sweeny's new home in Fort Worth, and I might say John is making the place look rather up to date. He is working every day, and John, as a rule, takes care of his money, as he never drinks and seldom goes out of his house after supper.

The carpet was in keeping with the rest of the room, or I should judge it was, anyhow. But what got my eye was all the side issues—two or three chiffoniers, bureaus and other settings. I had little use for this amount of furniture, as all I had with me in my grip was a pair of hose and an extra tie.

My mail was brought to my room, and I was kept busy for some time talk-

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ing to reporters, answering questions of the curious, looking at telegrams and fixing my collar and neck tie in preparation for my first real, big swell dinner.

I was no sooner seated at the table in the dining room than I was surrounded by another new collection of news men. Where they all came from gets me, but they were there, with pencil and pad and a million questions. The waiter that served me must have received his training on the Erie, as it took him an hour to get me a few eggs. I couldn't make out the bill of fare, but knew I wanted eggs, and I noticed about the time they struck me they were higher than the market price when I ordered them. If you recall, eggs at this time cost something, and I will always, when anyone mentions eggs in the future, think of the fifteen dollars I paid for two. If I ever hit the White Way again, I will endeavor to have a few chickens with me.

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Now, at this time "yours" was feeling slightly tired, and if I could have gotten away quietly, I would have given a thousand dollars. I wanted to sit by myself some place and think it over. But Mac, my boy, you must stick it out; it will not be long before you are down and out, clean broke and happy.

I gave the waiter three or four dollars, and would have gone a few better, but he never smiled all the while I was eating. Some kid that takes up hats in the lobby looked as if he was expecting a tip, so I gave him two dollars and immediately asked Dr. Sweeny and the others to get me some place out of the atmosphere, as I began to feel unnatural.

New York, the great big city that we talk so much about—New York with its avenues of novelty and attractions; here were people come to see all that is worth while, and never feel satisfied, only when here and never content while here,

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God never meant this sort of thing for men and women, and somehow I can't make myself believe that folk are sincere when they say they could live and die within its boundaries. The sky don't look real from Broadway and people act either too friendly or insolent. They all appear to impress you with the fact that they are busy and would rather have you think that they are making money than developing character. Money everywhere—money. Men came telling me how much advertising I received—so much money. Go on the stage, my boy, and get it when it's coming. Here was McDevitt trying to dispose of so much money, in order that he might again be free and happy, and all New York kept saying get more. Everywhere I went it was the same cry: You can make a lot of money. I looked at myself in one of the mirrors, while sitting in Rector's, and I looked tired. I was trying to be agree-

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able and courteous; but, John, it was telling on you. I was willing to spend my cash, but I was tired and weary asking people to have something. Things didn't cost enough and I was almost anxious to have some one get a burglar to hold me up and take what I had, so that I might get back to the starting point. I took in the play at George Cohan's theater, "The Little Millionaire," and George, it was all right; I appreciated your kindness and I would like at the time to tell you things that we always think about the next day, but I was pleased and I appreciated all the company did to make things pleasant. Some one intimated that Cohan was mixed up in my stunt and that one Edwin Dunn was here to frame up a deal. I will merely say that such was not true, and will not ask you to believe me if you feel otherwise. McDevitt, you know who paid the bill, don't you?

QUESTIONS



WILL give a list of questions that I have been forced to answer from fifty to one hundred times daily, and be it said to my credit that I

remained good natured through it all:

When did you get the idea of taking the special train?

Did the Board of Trade pay for it?

How much did the railroad company give you?

Don't you think you were a fool to spend your money in this way?

How much did you spend all told?

Are you going on the stage?

Were you ever in a big hotel before?

How much wine did you use when you took the wine bath?

Why didn't you walk home?

Aren't you sorry now?

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Did you get much mail since your trip?

Did many girls write to you?

Well, what are you going to do now?

The above is a partial list of the questions that have been coming my way ever since I made the trip to New York, and if I were not of the temperament that finds a peculiar humor in this sort, I would be doing stunts with the have-beens in some insane asylum.

Do something that attracts attention and the world takes it for granted that you are compelled to answer for your doings.

And when one stops to think it over, it is only right that the public should know; hence I have endeavored to answer all the questions in this little book; and let us hope that all will take advantage of the same, and, instead of coming to me for their information, seek its pages.

NEW YORK



ONE thing that attracted my attention while in New York was the ease with which men spent their money, and also the invitations extended to have something to eat and drink. The fact is that when not engaged in the business world the New Yorker feels that he must spend his time and money in going about eating, drinking and now and then taking in a show of some kind. They are not an overly critical lot, and I find that it does not require much to amuse them, just as long as your act is not of the circus class. The typical New Yorker is rather slow or dull from an intellectual point of view. One cannot get him away from New York in conversation or any other way.

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The girls are very attractive from a novel point of view, as they are all inclined to lean toward the stage, and those not on the bills are imitators of some popular actress, and personally this don't hurt them, for the women of the mimic world are, as a rule, good dressers, although at times a little stingy as to quantity.

Most everyone you meet will tell you of his intimacy with some big people, and they don't seem to understand that the rest of the world has a few bright and attractive people, not including Taft and myself. Now, I don't object to hearing a man boasting about his home town, for "breathes there a man" who would not like to have the other fellow imagine, or at least make believe, that his particular town, too, has men worthy of mention?

A New Yorker will treat you to the best at his disposal if you can in return add to his social prestige. This in some respects is for no other purpose than that

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it will make his commercial side of life more easy to develop, as they all seem to want the things the big fellows have.

My friends insisted on me "doing the town" and taking in some of the places of note. I found myself in Churchill's surrounded by a multitude of curious folk, all anxious to have a look at the "One Day Millionaire." I ordered freely and spent my money as artistically as I knew how, and while I still had a good-sized roll I felt that it would not be long until I was down to the point when I could say in all truthfulness, "Boys, me for home; I am broke."

One of the events of the trip was a hurried call or visit to the Friars Club. Here I met a lot of good fellows, and it was indeed a relief to get away from the curious crowd for awhile and be able to sit in a quiet corner and rest myself. My friend, Mr. A. X. Hope, presented me with a novel cigar lighter on behalf of the Club,

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and naturally I was compelled to say something. This I did, and while Henry Grady might have embellished the stories of the South more vividly from a color point of view, he could not in his most palmy days make such an address as I did that evening. Willie Collier was one of many I was glad to have the privilege to meet. He is one of the few comedians whom I regard as funny. Willie is a sober chap and is not given to laughter; but the moment one meets him, you can detect the spark of genuine humor in his makeup, a humor that does not require to be effective.

SOCIETY

Society to a man like McDevitt has an entirely different aspect than to my friend Mr. Vanderbilt, and while some men condemn what we of America term as high society for no other purpose than to feel that they had their say, others denounce it because they attract atten-

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tion. And then we have those who will never get out of the manger. As for me, I have neither regards nor malice for the higher life of those addicted to big dinners and cut flower gatherings. It is their all and all, and human nature must have an outlet; so let them go and spend their cash, even though we who are more able to think right know that they are foolish.

It is not a dangerous pastime; and if they have the money, they have the privilege to spend it as they see fit. Now, personally I feel that they could do much good with what Providence has placed in their hands; but our objections will not be heeded until they themselves become sufficiently intelligent to appreciate what we wish to convey. These people are only living their lives on a scale similar to what the less wealthy would do if given the dollars and position.

We all admit they are not a happy lot, nor are they even interesting; just a

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sort of human novel seekers, anxious to appear smart and clever, without having to labor to do so. I have no desire to be rich, and when I say this I actually mean it. To begin with, the possession of extreme wealth must force one to selfishness, and no mind fully human and in a normal condition can be happy when living in a world of selfishness.

It is utterly impossible to say a prayer or to ask God to help you when you are blind to the wants of your neighbor, and it is just as absurd to go to church, passing on your way homes for the poor, hospitals and mission houses, and call upon your Maker to give you happiness, and you blindly passing it by. If these rich folk could only get to thinking, we would not be forced to plead with them to give the poor some assistance.

It is not because they are all hard and void of human kindness that they ignore the cry of the poor; but as they do

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not mix with this class, they cannot feel as they do. If they could only be shown how much genuine pleasure there is in doing good, prove to them in some way, in a way that would be impressive, many of them would change their way and become factors of some consequence. The mind of the philosopher bears no malice toward the wealthy class, only pity, and as for me, I am really sorry for the perpetual millionaires. They are a sad lot, a make believe class, garbed with a cloak of artifice and an assumed smile of happiness.

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK



BIG city and its people
high class spenders.

The men of New
York appear to have
more ambition and
energy than one finds
in men of other cities.

Everyone in the city is a novelty
seeker of some sort.

The first visit does not impress one
with its greatness; after having made
several visits, its real greatness strikes
you most forcibly.

Most everyone I met wanted to buy
me something to eat or drink.

Its people could have more light and
better sanitary conditions, and, all in all,
more comfort if they would forget about
the two or three minutes, which they
imagine they cannot spare, in going to and
from their homes.

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I found most every person I met the possessor of a streak of good nature. A dollar never looks big to them.

One seldom hears two real New Yorkers talking "shop."

News becomes stale in this city in less time than in any place in the world.

Most anyone can tell you the names of the sporting editors or the cartoonists, but no one appears to know the editorial writers.

The average-sized building would look big in other towns.

Unless one is familiar with the latest shows, you are considered behind the procession.

METROPOLITAN REPORTERS

The news men that came to our little town, Wilkes-Barre, at the time when I had arranged to go forth in my special, were a queer lot of good fellows, and while they all differed in many respects,

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I remarked that in one particular they were all similar—"drunk."

I have a soft spot in my heart for the pencil boys as, after one becomes to understand them better, he will find them a jolly crew, with a heart set properly and a hand that is always willing to dip when the appeal looks half decent. The boys had an elegant time of it on the train and appeared to be having a regular holiday. They ate to their hearts' content. Of course, it was reasonable, for it was all paid for by yours truly, and I noticed they kept getting to the bottom of the best wine, while the beer and minor fluid was left to the workmen.

These men are always on the job and have more troubles than the world ever dreams of. They must throw aside all forms of conventionality and let their pride somewhat in the rear when on many of their strange missions seeking news. You will never find one of them

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with more than enough to get away with, and I don't suppose they ever think of the rainy season that we read so much about in the Success Magazines, as you can't find one of them that is not in debt—to one of his fellow workers; and the problem that has me going is how in h—l they get away with it or who makes good, as they are all alike, owing from one hundred to two hundred dollars; and still they go on. The language they use in writing is not the same that they hand you in conversation, and I venture to say that very few indeed can get them on a story. I know it was Greek to me, for the phrases they use are of their own make and only understood in their respective circles. They love originality. You can reach them more easily with a good cigar than with a check. They will go far to serve those who appreciate their efforts. They make good husbands but poor dads. They get less press notices

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than any other people on the map. They mostly smoke cigarettes. You can't get anything across on them that is not genuine. Religion is seldom a part of their lives. They are more kind and charitable than the public knows. They can make or break men or institutions in shorter time than dynamiters. They only laugh at original stunts, and will always give credit where credit is due. They are a good bunch, and may God bless them!

SIDE LIGHTS CONCERNING MY TRIP



WHILE in New York I became tired and wanted to get away from the crowd for a few minutes and mingle with the people who did not know

who I was. I jumped on a street car and happened to be almost directly opposite two young girls who were holding an animated conversation in no inaudible tones. "Say, Alice," one of them suddenly said, "I met that fellow who is here acting like a millionaire. I was in Churchill's last night when he came in, and say, I surely was 'stung'! Why he was awfully plain looking and very rough; at any rate, so he appeared to me. Of course, he may be all right, but everybody must pass an opinion, you know. Why he had on a tie that looked about

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five years old and an old brown suit. Well, really, Alice, to tell you the truth, he looked more like a Brooklyn bartender than he did like a millionaire."

The morning after the Clover Club affair in Philadelphia, and as I was on my way to New York, I happened to notice my picture on the front page of the "North American" a fellow sitting next to me was looking over. Naturally enough, I leaned over to get a look at my own picture, when the fellow turned around, and excusing myself, I said I just wanted to get a look at the One Day Millionaire. "Say," said he, "that damn fool has his mug stuck every place I look." I agreed with him, although he did not know how truthfully he spoke.

The night I struck New York we attended a play and then took in several of the big cafes. We were booked for Shanley's, and on arriving there I was told to go to a certain part of the dining

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room as they had a table reserved for us. The colored waiter was standing at the place designated, and when I saw the card bearing my name I seated myself, but was promptly told to get another table as that one was reserved for a millionaire who was expected soon.

I endeavored to explain that I was the "millionaire," but he laughed the derisive laugh that only a colored man knows how to laugh, and said, "Why you be no more millionaire than I be."

When I returned home, I called to see my mother and father, and even yet they are a little dubious about my taking the trip. Mother said, "John, they say it's in the papers that you spent five hundred dollars to go on a train to New York." But I was forced to tell her that it was not so, as poor mother would think that that was the worst sin imaginable. "And," said she, "Mrs. McGady said that it was in the paper that you

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took a bath in wine that cost over fifty dollars. Sure no one would be foolish enough to put that much wine in a bath tub." Poor mother can't imagine that anyone ever paid more than twenty-five cents for a meal, and it is only lately that she knew for a fact that they did. "But I suppose you have to pay more than that for an extra fine meal, John." And I told her that in some places it cost a little more than that. "Oh," I said, "if a person wants a real good meal, say in a place like Shanley's, it will cost as high as forty cents; that is, if you want to drink wine with it." "Think of that much money," she said, "just for one meal. My, it's awful!"

AT THE CLOVER CLUB BANQUET



FEW days after my return from New York, having disposed of my own money and some of my friends', Dr. Sweeny and Mr.

Lenahan, I found that I was very much in demand as a speaker, as more than a hundred letters and telegrams awaited me. All invitations to some club or other. I had made a little history and the world was curious to see the uncouth (?) Irish lad with the new idea.

Among the number of telegrams was one from the Clover Club of Philadelphia inviting me to speak at their annual banquet to be held at the Bellevue-Stratford. The affair is best told by a clipping taken from the Philadelphia "Inquirer":

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"The big laugh of the evening came when Governor Bunn introduced the next speaker. He said that it has always been the custom of the Clover Club to have one set speech at every banquet and to get a man of national note to respond. He said that all the noise made recently about a certain man from Wilkes-Barre was nothing more or less than the work of the press agent of the Clover Club, who was preparing a candidate for Clover honors. 'He is with us tonight and he will respond to the toast, "The Lottery of Money."' Gentlemen, I have the great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. John Jay McDevitt, of Wilkes-Barre.'

MCDEVITT MAKES A HIT

"There was a roar of laughter and much applause when the famous millionaire for a day arose, brushed the wrinkles from his brown sack coat, pushed back his lock of sandy hair, adjusted his string

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bow, cleared his throat and struck a posture for his speech.

“‘Would you like to have a little music with it?’ asked toastmaster ex-Governor Bunn. Quick as a flash, McDevitt said: ‘No, thank you, Governor; I always carry my own fiddle with me.’ Then he set out upon his speech, which was fairly bristling with wit and humor and compelled roars of laughter. Those who had come prepared to scoff or jeer were moved to genuine appreciation, and the best and sharpest tongues of the Club were silenced by the man from the mining regions.

“‘I’m only a sort of a dreamer like the rest of you,’ said McDevitt, by way of introducing himself, and hastily added, ‘but, unlike the rest of you, I had the nerve to fulfil my dreams—I really tasted of the joys of being a millionaire.’ This sally was greeted with an outburst of laughter, and McDevitt following up

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his advantages, declared that while in New York he noticed that the rich people never laughed—only at banquets.

“‘For ten years,’ he continued, ‘I wandered along in a sort of an aimless way. I saw all the acts in burlesque and vaudeville and all the moving pictures, and I thought that possibly the millionaires had other things with which to amuse themselves; but they haven’t. I rubbed elbows with men who had millions; some of them had brains, but they were in the minority, and I had all the good things which millionaires are supposed to have, but I am glad to get back to my real self.’

“‘Asked how he happened to be nominated for office, he replied that he had some influence in a small district which gave a normal vote of about two hundred and thirty. ‘But we stretch it to about three hundred or four hundred whenever an Irishman is on the ticket,’

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he exclaimed. 'Last fall there were two Germans on the ticket for the one office, so I saw my chance and got on, because I figured out that one Irishman can beat two Dutchman any day.'

"McDevitt said that one day he was asked to name the three greatest men of the century. 'I was always a great admirer of Mark Twain, so I named him as one and Tolstoi as the other, and not wanting to become personal I stopped there.'

"When one considered that the Cloverites invited McDevitt to their function with the intention of making a 'goat' of him and the way in which he held his ground, it is a question of who was the 'goat.' They had the stage all set for a beautiful little comedy in which McDevitt was to play the part of the harassed plebeian. He was going to be shown up for fair, his advertising proclivities ridiculed, his crude speech mimicked, his faltering utterances in the presence

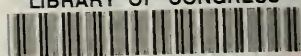
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of that august company held up to satire.

"But McDevitt came right back. When he began to speak, the members started their usual tactics of interrupting, but he had a quick and humorous answer ready for every question. In a few minutes the millionaire for a day, who was the only one in the company not attired in evening clothes, had the members and guests laughing so heartily that they could not utter a word. The presence of justices of the Supreme Court, mayors, judges, city solicitors, public officials and millionaires did not faze him in the slightest. He told them a bunch of funny stories they had never heard before, and he joshed them about their dinner and called them a 'sad lot.'

"In a way, this man McDevitt is a great deal of a philosopher. He put forth a few new sayings of his own that excited the admiration as well as the laughter of the guests."

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